MARVEL
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
20
HILL | CASELLI | CURIEL
SEPT. 2025 | RATED T+

T'Challa, your body lies on the Earth, healing.
And your mind and soul are here with me.
Time is not a river, my child. It is a *wound.* And we are the blood that tries to heal it.
Long before Wakanda...the sky cracked.
"The heavens mourned, and in their mourning, they gave us a gift...
"...a metal unlike any other. It did not belong to this world.
"Those who touched it...heard a *voice.* Not from the stone, but from the beyond.

"It whispered in dreams. Not commands, but *invitations*. To shape the world. To elevate it.
"The metal taught us. It remembered what it once was...and it *shared*.
"It was forged not in nature...but in design. By a culture older than our imagination.
"They were not conquerors. They were *curators*. Archivists of matter. Scribes of energy.
"And their kingdom was dying.
"They sought worlds where they *could* conquer. And emerge as gods.
"And their final breath...was a prayer cast into the void.

"Wakanda was never the first to hold it. Only the next.
"The best among you mastered it. Became mighty. But that power had a hidden price.
"Some still hear it. Its memory... remains alive."
It knows you. As it knew your fathers. It does not forget.
But not all memory is benevolent.

"They seek to return.
"The seed...has bloomed. And what grows...is not ours.
"It speaks to others now. Those who do not understand what they carry.
"The archivists... *return.*"
This is not *power.* It is *legacy.*

"Legacy... demands continuance.
"But continuance... demands *blood.*"
You will need to choose, my king.
Between the memory of the gods...and the will of your people.
And your heart...must hold both.

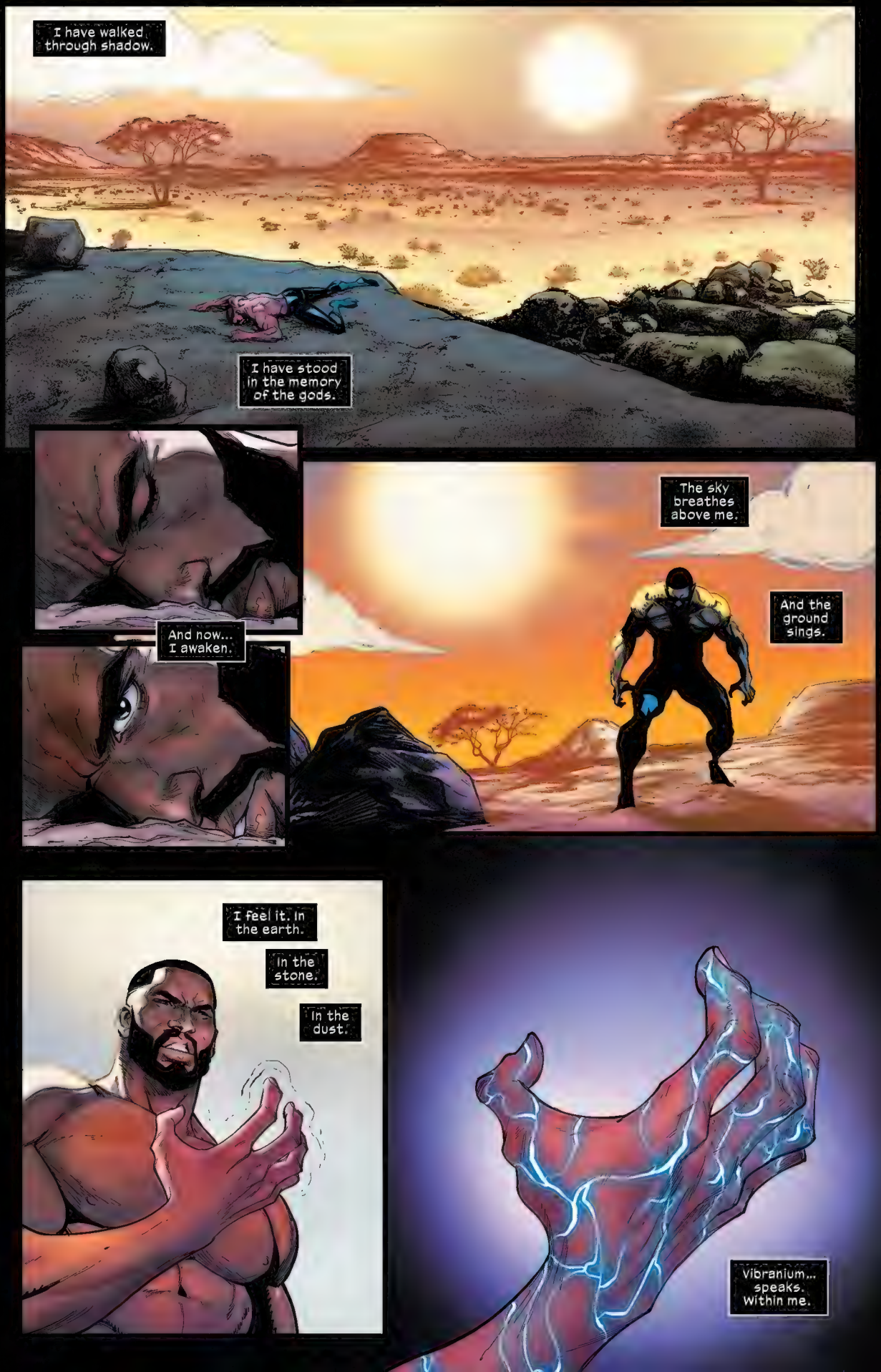
You must not worship me. Not that alone.
You must evolve.
Become.
And be the thing that destroys them.
See what must be. And make your choice, T'Challa.

Show me.
Then walk with me, King. Son of Kings. And see.
Son of Kings, do you see?

"The truth was never lost. It was buried...beneath *fear*.
"Some heard the metal speak...and listened too well. They knew what was to come.
"They called themselves the *Ukfa*. The Rememberers.
"And they built a power for the king that would have to face them."
Did my father know this?

Your father did not know me. Nor did his father.
They built statues of me. But they worshipped themselves.
They did not seek my knowledge.
Your fathers heard echoes. You hear the choir.
"One will face them and save Wakanda.
"And the true Wakanda, the free Wakanda, will spread, in my name, in his name."
UH... UH... WAKANDA...

And the Progenitors must fail.
Prepare your kingdom, T'Challa. Prepare your soul.
If they bring their kingdom...they will find ours waiting.
And we will remind them: Wakanda is not built on metal.
Wakanda is built on *will*.
I have seen, Mother Bast.
And I choose.


I have walked through shadow.
I have stood in the memory of the gods.
The sky breathes above me.
And the ground sings.
And now... I awaken.
I feel it. In the earth.
In the stone.
In the dust.
Vibranium... speaks. within me.

I am no longer separate.
Not from the land.
Not from the past.
Not from Her.
Mother Bast...
I am your storm.
I am your voice.
I am your weapon.
I am your son.
Wakanda is not a kingdom.
It is a promise.
RAAAGH!

See me, ancestors.
May we be as one.
Watch.
See me honor you.
For Wakanda.
The gods are not above us.
They are within us.
Wakanda will rise.
For this continent.
For *all* our people.
We hide no longer.

I have been silent. I have let other nations march on our land.
Let them feed their wars and greed--
--with our children.
Contact--!
COLONIZER!!!

WHAM
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
THOOM
KR-KSHH
Hnnghh!
Come to me.

HH-
RAAAGHH!
KRAKK
Coward.
THUNK
Gnuhnf!

KRAAAAANG
Do not fear me.
You are safe now.
Hold still. I don't want to harm you.
Free the others.
Who are you?
I am the Black Panther. Son of Mother Bast. The True King...of a place known as Wakanda.

Can we come with you?
No. Not yet.
It is not safe for you now. But I will *make* it safe.
And if you hold faith...
...Wakanda will come back for you.
Can you get to safety?
We're not far from home.

Go. Do not fear her. She will protect you on your journey.
Trust me.
Purrrrrrrrr.
VRRRRRRRRM
If you need me...or if you see others who need me...
...do not scream in fear.
Roar.

I will hear you.
TO BE CONTINUED...